



The Gunston Trust

Cad McGhee & The Nasty Three

The Baltimore Caper



By Robin Gilmor
Illustrated by Matthew O'Keefe



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Cad McGhee & The Nasty Three

The Baltimore Caper

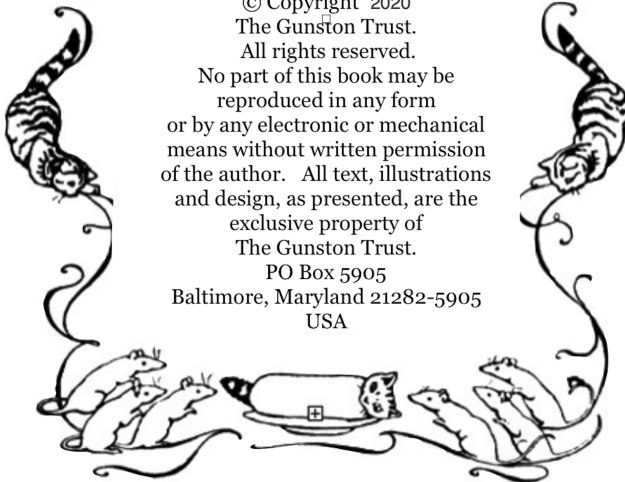
By Robin Gilmor
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Second Edition



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There's a critter down in Baltimore
That they call Cad McGhee
With his rowdy gang of bandits
Known as 'The Nasty Three'





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Sneaky critters, oh so cunning,
And never ever kind.
Living at the Inner Harbor
East on Thames Street, number Nine



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Such extraordinary bandits,
So renowned was their fame
That the people in the city,
Were familiar with their name.





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They mapped all their plans precisely, before
committing all their crimes.
No one could guess their get away
was on the Light Rail Lines.



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So on the very darkest nights,
They dressed up all in black.
Each had a great big gunny sack
Strapped high upon his back.





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Throughout the richest neighborhoods
Down streets of cobblestones,
Rubies, diamonds, emeralds, art,
Snatched from the greatest homes.



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Upon his face he wore a mask
That covered up his eyes,
No one could guess it was 'The Cad,'
It was a great disguise!

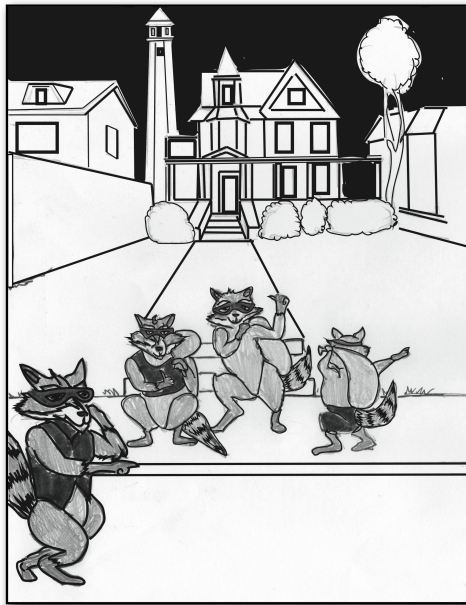


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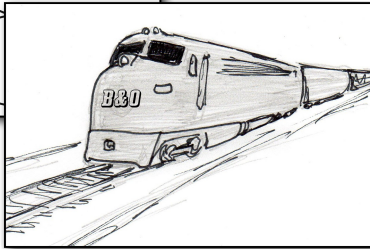
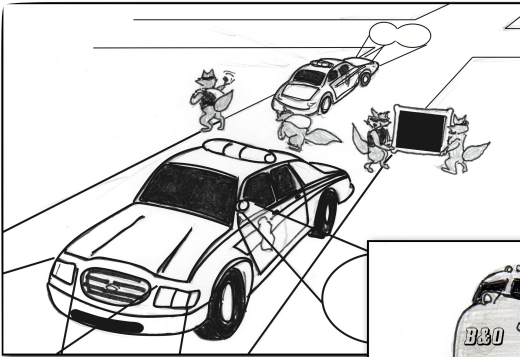
With such a long-ringed bushy tail,
He managed to keep warm,
Even on the coldest nights,
Or in an icy storm.





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They always traveled in the night,
Whenever it was dark,
Because they robbed the richest homes,
Way up in Roland Park.



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But when they burgled all the homes,
The very fancy kind,
They had to make their get away,
Upon the Light Rail Line





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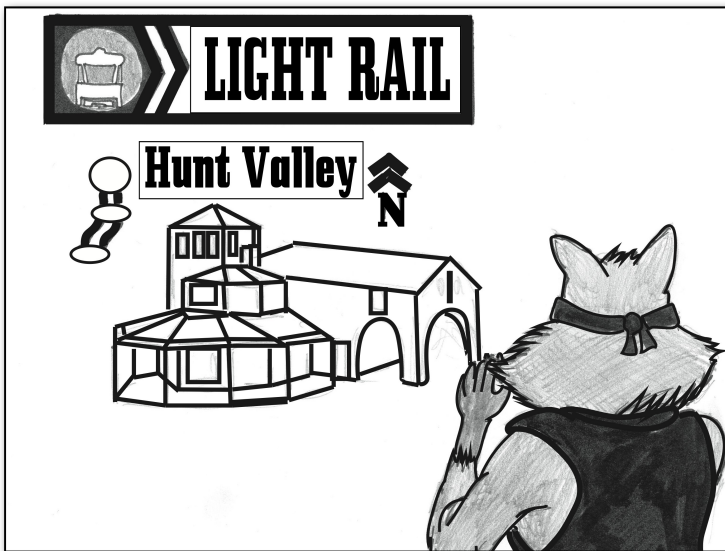
They robbed and burgled all night long,
They stopped at light of day,
Around the street, police cars swarmed,
"Don't let them get away!"





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But yes they did, the story goes,
The city they did flee,
The Raccoon Bandits rode the rail,
With their leader Cad McGhee.





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Now the houses in the Valley,
Stately mansions on the hills,
Just thinking of the treasures there,
Gave the bandits quite a thrill.





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Across the road they scurried fast,
McGhee was in the lead,
The county seemed so very still,
No witness to their deed.





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They climbed the fence up to the house,
So full of greed and hope.
Without a sound they made their way,
Upon the slippery slope.





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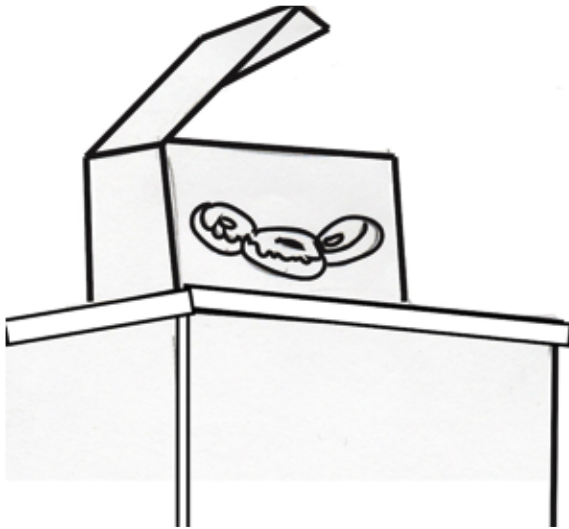
The policeman in this county,
Known to all as Sergeant Barge,
He stood at six foot five plus more,
Which was really rather large.





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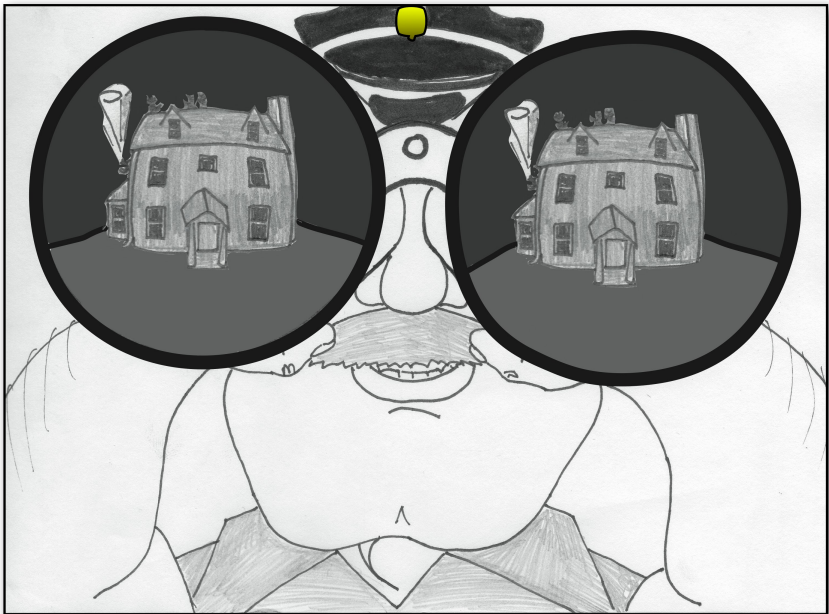
For doughnuts were his favorite treat,
He ate them all night long,
His quiet shift was always slow,
And nothing could go wrong





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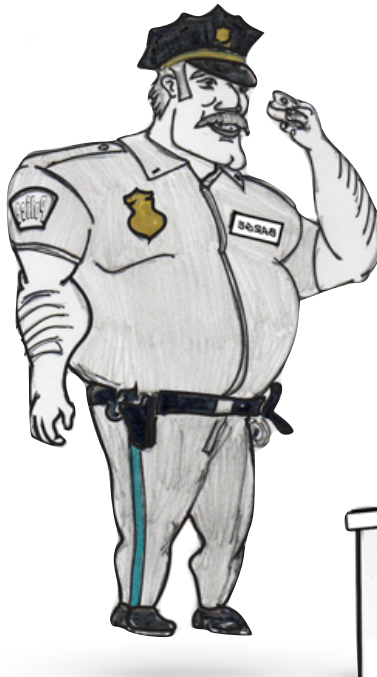
But then upon the distant hill,
He spied a shaky light,
Something scampered on the roof,
Then down the drainage pipe.





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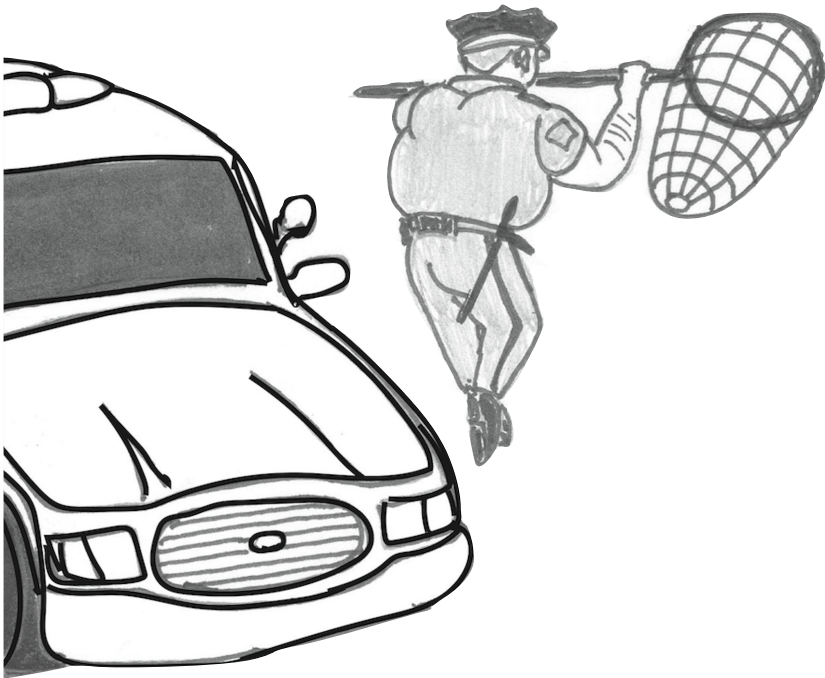
The family living in that house,
Had gone away today.
“Something’s surely wrong,” said Sarge,
As he tossed his food away.





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Then from his cruiser Sarge pulled out,
His biggest, strongest net,
And tippy toed up to the house
His muscles flexed and set.





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With net in hand he flicked his wrists,
And gave it one big throw
He netted all this Raccoon Gang,
And yelled at them, “ Let’s go!”





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Then into his mighty cruiser,
The bandits all in cuffs,
Said Sarge into his radio,
“This gang is really tough!”





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They traveled south, route eighty-three,
“You guys have crossed the line.”

“Next stop is City Lock-up,
Where you’ll all pay for your crime.”





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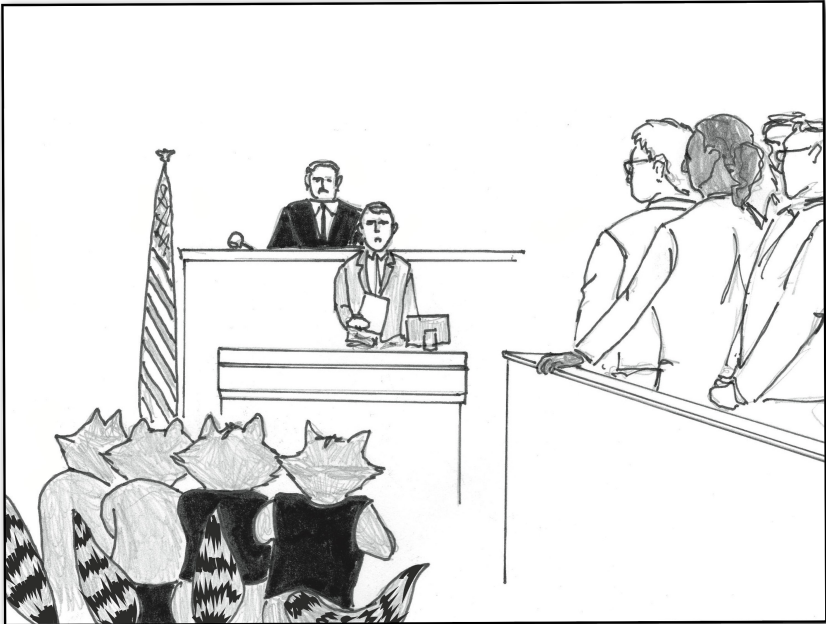
Oh how the sirens sorely wailed,
With police lights flashing bright,
As they drove back to the city,
In the icy cold black night.





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In court the judge and jury sat,
And listened to their plea . . .
The jury cried, "Lock them inside!"
No one believed McGhee.





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And as they marched them to their cells,
“You must pay for their crimes.
You robbed rich houses late at night,
Now you must do the time.”





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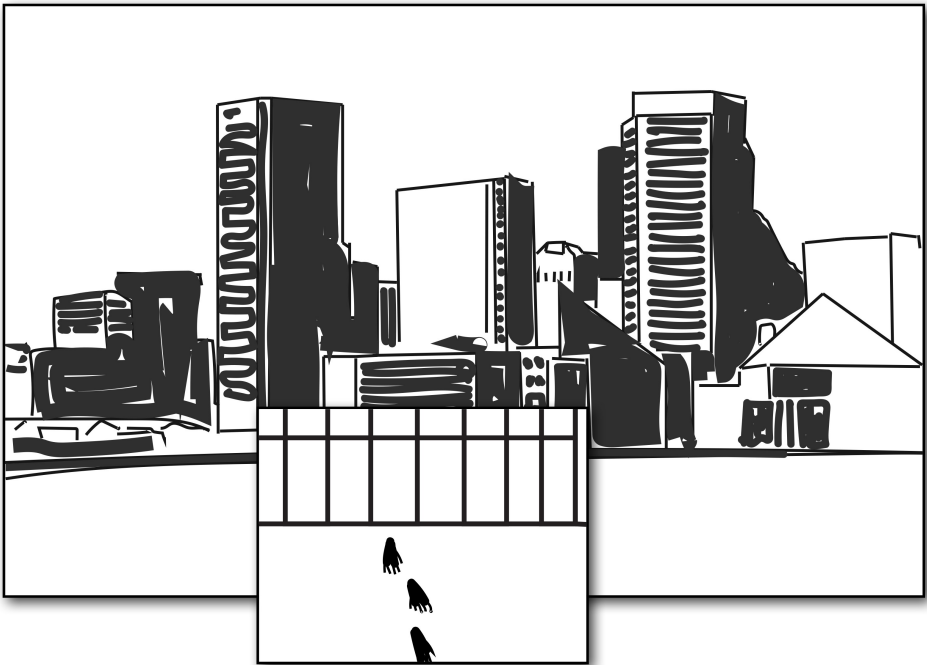
The gang showed no remorse at all,
And never shed a tear,
McGhee was always making plans,
How they could disappear.





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The city was all quiet now
When word came from the jail,
There was a break from Cell Block C,
McGhee slipped through the rails!

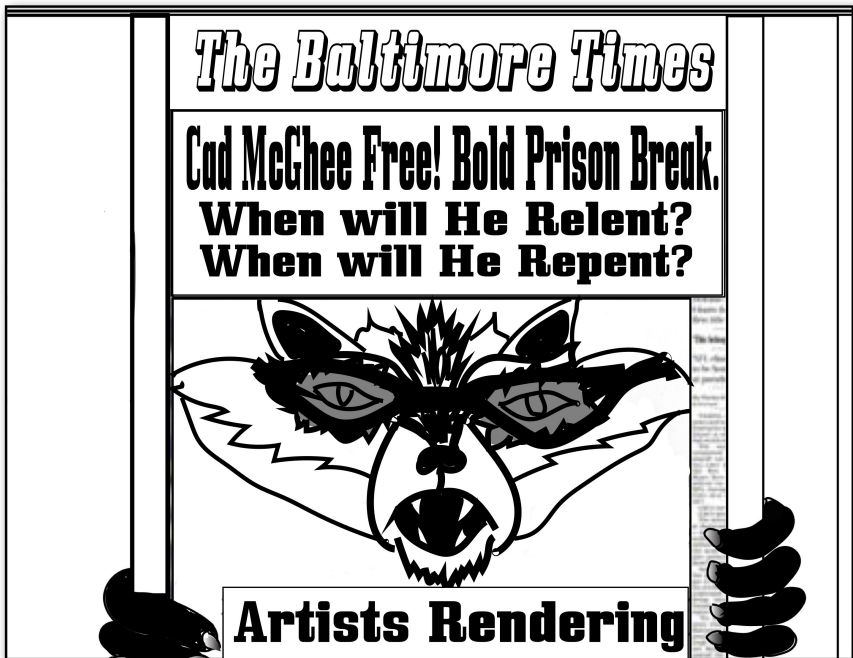


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The people cried, "Has he no pride,
Oh when will he repent?"
"Just stop the crime and do his time,
McGhee you must relent!"





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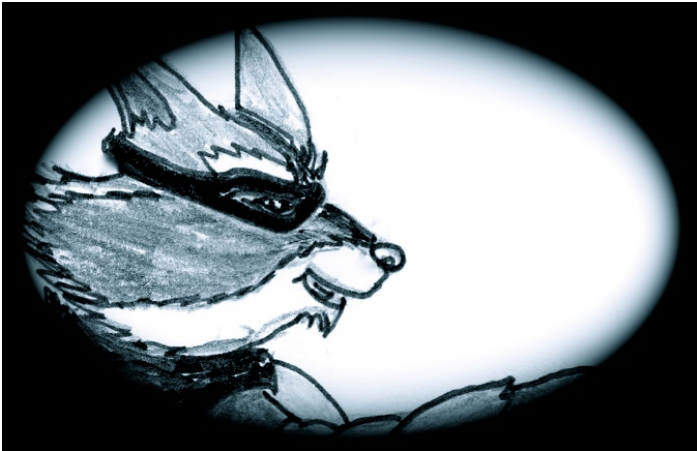
So lock all your doors and windows,
Lock your safe and hide the key
He's that slippery, slimy bandit,
"Sarge will get you, Cad McGhee!"





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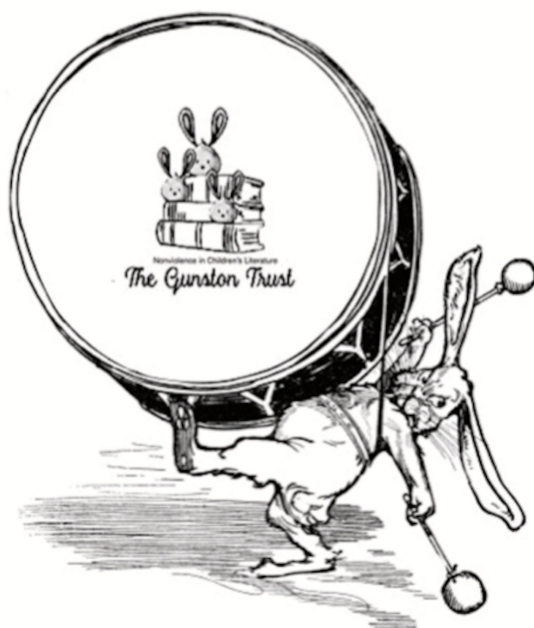
THE END



OR IS IT?



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